Strive for Better Weather

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Strive for Better Weather

by junbiwaOKAY

Summary

That's right, I'm back, baby! I had no idea Chipp was this cool, how come none of y'all ever told me??? Anyway, I'm back on my x reader BS. I wrote this relatively short thing in 2 days gimme a break

It's storming like a bitch outside, and who else is gonna show up at your door and put your plans on hold other than him?

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

It's a good 30 minutes away from midnight right now. Your phone has been blowing up with flooding and storm warnings for the past few hours, and it has indeed been raining practically bullets outside.

You sit in silence on your couch, the wind howling in the pitch-black sky and the raindrops pattering violently on the windows from behind the curtains. You consider your game plan for the rest of the night: you have enough food to last until when the storm passes, you still have electricity, and your one last move was to-

An even louder hammering comes from the front door. It wasn't the right temperature for the rain to freeze into hail, so that was out of the picture. You rise from your seat, turning the front lights on before opening the door.

Only to be met by a muscular yet familiar figure, standing still amidst the pouring rain. Using only one hand, they slick back their wet hair to reveal a red eye and pull down their high collar.

“Yo.”

Chipp’s shark-toothed grin was as cheeky as it was welcoming. “How’re you handling?”, he says as he continues his sudden introduction.

All you're met with is a rollercoaster of reactions, ranging from mild rage to major concern. “Chipp, what the hell are you doing here?!”

He opens his mouth to speak, but you realize the state of the situation. “Actually, don't answer that,” you interject, “get in here!”

“Okay, okay, damn! Let me just take off my sandals- hope I didn't spook ya there.”

“Chipp, I have so many things to tell you right now and I don't have a damn clue where to start.” You huff, still trying to wrap your head around his out-of-the-blue appearance.

“What, can't I visit someo-”

“Not in the middle of a STORM, man! Now look at you. You're gonna get sick if you stay in that getup.” You point at him as you search around for something to help.

Chipp shrugs off your concerns. “Nah, I’ll be fine. You know me.”

“If you get a cold I’m never going to let you hear the end of it.” Finding what you were looking for, you hand a towel to Chipp. “You're soaking wet.”

Chipp takes the towel, looking up at his messed up hair. “Guess I should get started on that, huh. Welp, I’m gonna go borrow your bathroom…”

After he shuffles off and shuts the door to your guest bathroom, all you can manage to do is exhale heavily and hold your head in your hands. What the hell was this guy doing here, anyway?

“...Uhh, [Y/N]?”

Hearing Chipp call you by your first name kind of felt a little different than usual. Surprised, you peek through your hand, opening a hole between your fingers.

“You got any spare pants or something? I wasn't thinking I was going to stay the night.”

Chipp leans through a crack in the door completely shirtless, spare for a dog tag that he casually wore and his earrings. “I mean- unless you let me stay. That's up to you.”

For a moment you're stunned, but snap back to reality quickly. Everything is happening too fast! "Y-Yeah, I think I've got a spare, I have to check." You get out of there hurriedly, hoping to not embarrass yourself any longer.

After managing to find at least the largest pair of sweatpants that you owned, you mosey back to the bathroom door, handing the pair to Chipp.

"Thank ya, and sorry about that, [Y/N]. Are you good?" He asks. You nod, trying your hardest not to look back at him. Chipp lingers for a second, before giving a thumbs up and closing the door.

It's not long before the white haired man arrives back in the living room, thumbs hooked in the sweatpants's waistline. You've been sitting on the couch once more, trying to recollect your thoughts like before.

"You got anything specific in mind, or…?" He starts, immediately assuming that you had a plan formulated.

"Well, I was going to go to sleep, at least before you arrived… all of these warnings stress me out."

And speak of the devil, your phone goes off, another storm alarm playing at an obnoxious volume. Chipp winces upon hearing, but you pick up the phone to check.

"It's been 15 minutes and the warning's been raised from flash flooding to a full on storm, twice now." You sigh, putting your phone back down. "I just want it to be over."

"We can just sleep it out." Chipp suggests. "You know, I always found rain to be comfortable to sleep during. Not like I've ever been able to experience that in a hot minute."

"...Well," You begin, "I'm not letting you out into that storm again. I wouldn't mind taking turns staying up to keep an eye out, I guess."

Chipp unhooks his hands, crossing his arms. “Alright, sweet. Take it we're going that-a-way.” He pivots on his bare foot away from you before outright teleporting off.

He could have done that the whole time, and now he decides to do it. Huffing again, you get back onto your feet. As you walk into your bedroom, you find your sheets unsheveled, with Chipp already making himself at home. He props himself up on his elbow, his other hand dusting off an open space on the bed.

“I'll stay up first if you're cool with that.” He begins, making eye contact with you, “And I made some room for you. I would hate myself if I pushed you off the bed by accident.”

You can only nod, wondering why Chipp was being extra kind to you today. Well, he was often polite, ever since he got elected president of his own country, but his underlying tone of punkish energy seemed to be missing, as if something more genuine was at show. Nevertheless, you join him shortly, hitting the lights before you do so.

Chipp pulls the covers up, his arm resting on your torso. “Sleep tight, [Y/N]. I'm right here.”

In the darkness you feel the warmth of Chipp’s bare skin, contrasted starkly by the steely cold of the dog tag hanging from his neck. You hear the rain still drumming on the windows, with the combined sound of that, his soft breathing, and the occasional flash of lightning keeping you awake.

You weren't the only one still awake, however, as even after 15 minutes or so Chipp was still wide awake, the sheets rustling as his hands idled, lightly brushing your hair. He wouldn't go to sleep for a while now, so you took this chance to ask him that old question again.

“Chipp,” you say as you break the silence, “why did you come here?”

His voice was low, muffled as he rest his face in the nook between your neck and shoulder. “To see you.”

“In the middle of a storm?”

“I was worried something could happen to you. I wanted you to be safe.” One of Chipp’s arms rested again over your torso, his hand only a few inches away from yours.

“You could have just teleported here, right? How come you ran the whole way here?”

“[Y/N], I'm sure you know that I love showing off. Second nature to me.” His words felt light-hearted, but his delivery remained soft and almost serious in a way.

“ *Chipp* .” You cut in again. “I don't care if you were showing off, you could've gotten hurt.”

He remains silent, not responding for minutes. You think you were too rough with him, and consider apologizing. But before you could say you were sorry, he finally responds.

“I figured the best way to go out in an event like this was to be by your side. If it means I get to be here with you, then that's all I need. I wanted to be here or *die trying* .”

Now both of you were silent, the pounding rain and rumbles of thunder only making the tension worse. You turn around to try and face Chipp, but he refuses to make eye contact.

“Sorry.” He mumbles. “Knew that would upset you. Goddamn it…” He curses under his breath, his head lowering significantly.

“Chipp, wait. You wanted to be here with m-”

“I'm in love with you, [Y/N]. It wouldn't make sense for me to leave here without ever telling you.” Chipp was beginning to dig himself into a hole with every word he spoke. “As stupid as it sounds, I'm serious about all of that stuff I said.”

After that bombshell of a confession dropped, you were left with your thoughts as Chipp lay quiet. You couldn't tell if his cheeks were flushing red or if tears were welling in the corners of his eyes.

You knew that words would only dig Chipp’s hole of shame even deeper, so you opted for your best option.

Embracing Chipp caused him to halt for a moment, as if he had never felt something like this before. Seconds later he curls around you, burying his face in your neck. “I’m sorry, [Y/N]. I wanted you to be safe but now I- I don't want to lose any more people I care about-”

“It's okay.” You whisper. “We'll be safe. As long as you're here.”

His breath hitches as Chipp continues to break down in your arms. Pushing aside his white hair, you lower your lips to his forehead and kiss him softly. “Sleep tight, Chipp. I'm right here.”

He sniffles lightly, rubbing his nose with his hand. He mutters a “thank you” before returning your advances appropriately, gently kissing your cheek before Chipp rests his head in your neck once again.

The violent rain continues to hammer down on your windows, but it felt comforting as you held Chipp close to you. The idea of you two taking turns keeping an eye out is out of the picture now, as there was no way either of you would willingly exit the state you were in.

It's a good 30 minutes away before 1 in the morning. Fitting time to go to sleep, anyway.

End Notes

update from the last fic: so i did watch all of GG lore and what the actual hell did i just watch, still good though

maybe you'll get lucky and i'll write some more fanfiction we'll just have to wait and see

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!